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Thesis

WOMAN'S STATUS

As Developed in the

Novels of Robert Herrick

by

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Outline

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SUMMARY

DIGEST

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Introduction

It is Herrick's belief that in modern civilization the ideal marriage pattern, that of the pioneer, a primitive struggle of two souls in an effort to wring order out of physical and spiritual chaos, has been lost.

Man no longer seeks a hard-won existence for wife and children, but pursues elusive CHANCE, the Alladin's lamp by means of which he hopes to satisfy all human desires.

He goes into the market-place to grab what he can. He returns to the home, soiled and worn, to lay at Her feet his gain. In return she gives him of her wit, of her handsome person, gowned and jewelled, of her beauty, and pushes him forth to the morrow's fight to bring back more pelf--to make her greater yet. And Woman blossoms forth as The Spender.

Idling at home she whispers to herself strange fancies. "I cannot love this man whom I have married, though he feeds me and gives me of the best. My soul will have none of him--I will not consent to live with him and bear his children for him. I will take another man dearer to my heart, and thus I shall be nobler than I was. I shall be a person with a soul of my own, for marriage without love of my soul is beastly."

So Woman cheats herself with fine phrases and shirks. The flower of successful womanhood--those who have bargained shrewdly--are to be found overfed, overdressed, sensualized, in great hotels, on mammoth steamers and luxurious trains,

rushing hither and thither on idle errands. They have lost their prime function: they will not, or they cannot bear children. They are free! As never women were before! And they are the custodians of men, not merely of their purses, but of their souls![1]

In each of the novels listed in the bibliography Herrick has presented a situation where woman's life in relation to man's offers some clarification of this problem. The thesis attempts to present some of the more significant aspects.

My method of treating the problem is explained on the following page.

[1] P 513

The Problem

In attempting to express Herrick's conception of an ideal equality between man and woman, I have treated the subject from the point of view of the woman, for whom he envisages a full, rich, creative life.

The conclusions and ideas expressed are those presented in the novels listed in the bibliography. My own perspective has been largely influenced by the lectures given by Professor Post on Herrick, Canfield, and Gale.

- I have made no attempt to give a resumé of any of the novels considered. In each chapter I intended merely to give an indication of the type of woman facing a problem, what she expected of life or marriage, what she obtained from it, and the significance of the problem for her and for Society.

Through presenting the negative aspects of these problems in human relations, I hope I have been able to indicate wherein they lacked the positive elements summarized in the digest.

Chapter One

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM

Characters:

Adela Anthon---the woman with a problem.
Wilbur----------the man she marries.
Molly Parker---her confidante.
Jennings-------Adela's friend and Molly's fiance.
Erard----------artist and art critic, Adela's tutor and protege.

Chapter One

WOMAN--THE DISCRIMINATOR OF FINE PLEASURES

Wealthy Adela Anthon approved her father's gaunt ideal of life as a prolonged battle with but little joy apart from success and reasoned that a woman should not be spared the full rigours of the game. Of course, the actualities of daily living were disagreeable, but anyone who sought to shirk these necessities, who sought to take his existence out of the mill where fate had fixed him, was a mere trifler.

In the gamble of life she happened to have superfluous advantages, which she hoped to share in a simple, objective way, without compromising herself. Hers was a strong craving for something earnest and large, something that had in it service and the beauty of life, a man's eagerness for the gamble of life, and an unutterable longing to live creatively. She had no very definite idea why she desired to take risks, to be richer than she was at present. It was a longing for the risk itself, as much as anything, for having a share in the palpitations of the world. In her limited generation she had a choice of a husband or a vocation badly filled. She wanted something more vital!

Since she was deprived by her wealth and her sex of an

Chapter One

WOMAN--THE DISCRIMINATOR OF TIME MEASURED

opportunity to actively engage in the struggle of the world about her, she sought to gain these things she yearned for through marriage, explaining to the man of her choice: "I want to share with you in your fight and feel that I count for something in this world". To him she was to be indebted for the chance of equality.

Wilbur and she would take their life and mould it in an original and free pattern. No longer would her life be like a garment pinned together, with no whole piece in it. Through her marriage she would live dramatically, in a partnership stronger and deeper in meaning than mere business, working with absolute trust and confidence on either side. THAT would mean freedom! Wilbur's every act indicated freedom, a large hopeful way of life, full of plans and the realizing of plans by constant swift, clever calculation. How much more vital THAT than the dead groping into one's interior self after expression, or some faint representation of that inadequate self called art!

But she found that their roads must divide. She was to make the home, cultivate persons whom it was well to know, even entertain horrid, stupid people because her husband's interests were involved. Eventually she found that she had exchanged her love of intellectual life, her longing for beauty, to share in a common swindle on the public, brought about by a dicker

between a knave and a gang of venal country legislators. Then she realized the doubleness of their lives. To do that marked the end of marriage and her passion for business. The papers were torn; the partnership dissolved, for business was his life --he could not understand her scruples.[1]

Cynically she proclaimed to Molly Parker: "The world has been dealing in sentimental lies so long that its axioms are apt to be foolish. There is no freedom for women: they are marked incapable from their birth, and are supported by men for some obvious and necessary services. Between times they have a few indifferent joys dealt out to them." Her child was one of these.[2]

Adela tried to analyze their situation for her husband thus: "When husband and wife are bound together, the desert, the mechanical routine of living, make no difference. But when they begin to live and to think apart,--when I saw you and judged you and condemned you, then all the real freedom was yours, and I was degraded. It is degradation to live another one's life, or to live with him and bear his children--unless they come as the natural fruit of common passion. Otherwise, like Eve, a woman discovers that she is naked, and is ashamed. The fact remains--we are divorced, and I must go and get my life. You may say all the bitter things you wish. But I am not one who accepts."[3] Acknowledging the truth of her instructor's pronouncement that she lacked the talent to produce real

[1] P. 131
[2] P. 110
[3] P. 199

art, Adela then tried to share in what she conceived to be Simeon Erard's large venture. He was identified with the "other" life, the life of the mind and spirit, the craving for which was getting hold of her again. He was a repository of elusive sensations toward which she had looked and hungered in her desire for self-expression in art.

Simeon marked out this new career for her. She was to be a "discriminator of fine pleasures". Once again she was in the current she desired for herself, a current of thoughts, emotions, and theories, where the world's ideal imagery was the essential interest. Erard reassured her in this logical fashion: "If you could content yourself with mere activity, with bringing children into the world, and conducting charities and clubs, it would be foolish to attempt anything else. But having tried the so-called moral existence and found it incomplete, you will never have doubts about the other occupation of cultivating and enjoying your wits." Ultimately, she concluded that the most pitiful creative effort is greater than profound discernment and foreswore her teacher, for Jennings, a philosopher friend, by the time her husband had freed her from the legal ties that bound them, had stripped her subterfuges away so that she perceived that the failure of their marriage was due to the fact that she hadn't cared enough for Wilbur. The reason for their separation did not lie in her nausea over the business

methods of a few men among the multitude of honest hearts who were building the new world, her irritation over her husband's conduct in barring her art instructor, Erard, from her home, or her discontent with Chicago. It lay in her own poverty of soul, her failure to realize that she might have lived on the highest of creative planes by making a success of her partnership with her husband, and by her love transmuting their relationship into the ideal.

Jennings' keen analysis showed her the waste of her life and her folly in not perceiving that there is no real difference between dilettantes, such as the members of Erard's Art Endeavour Circle, and the good people of Chicago, in not realizing that the dilettante is not as worthile as the plodder. The latter has his race to run, the former has only his grave to dig.

She knew at last that she had chased the shadow of freedom, that it is a state of the spirit, not a condition of the person. She had died instead of gaining freedom. She had accomplished nothing, and her life was dust and ashes. Hers was a bitter lesson!'

'P.265

Chapter Two

THE COMMON LOT

Characters:

Helen---idealistic wife of
Francis Hart--architect and materialist--her problem.

Louise Hitchock--character in THE WEB OF LIFE.
Alexandra Arnold--character in A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Chapter Two

WOMAN--THE IDEALIST

Helen Hart sought fulfillment of the craving of her soul for something earnest and large by living completely in her conception of her husband. Selfless were her aspirations, for within Helen was one immense capacity, one fiery power--the instinct to transform all that she knew and felt into something finer than it actually was. The desire to adore, to love abundantly, was her whole life.

Adela,when she married was seeking a means of self-expression. Marriage for her was a kind of happy solution to a difficult problem. Helen married Francis Hart because she loved him passionately and blindly. He was the creator, the builder who would express the character and spirit of a fresh race in brick and stone and steel. She left him when he gave her no visions, but only the sensualities of modern wealth, the leper taint which repudiated their marriage for her.[1] When he was ready to begin again, from the very beginning, to live like the common man from day to day--to live for work, the things he did, she returned.[2] Possessing a rare instinct for democracy, she believed sincerely that we are bound together one to another inseparably in this life of ours; whatever we may do to weaken the sense of the common bond disintegrates

① P 387
② P 367

society. Whatever we can do to deepen the sense of this bond makes life stronger, better for all. To want to help, to care about helping, was the best thing in men and women, she agreed with Hugh Grant.

Francis realized that he must return to the poor, average world, or forfeit her respect and love. ① When he bogged down in disillusionment or thought longingly of the comforts of wealth, she made him believe that there is no great or small, that the obscure, anonymous, helpful work to which he resigned himself was all there was, the best there was; ② that all those anonymous millions of human lives, each with a poor flower or two, stretched into miles and miles of beauty ever renewed; that harmony and equilibrium in life, as in everything else was achieved by keeping what you have in proportion, more than by having such a lot, and that harmony and equilibrium are what last you best in the long run. Thus nobly did Helen fulfill her destiny as the maker and moulder of human life, the shaper of Man's impulse.

Louise Hitchcock learned this lesson from Howard Sommers, but it was only at the extremity of life that Alexandra Arnold came to accept this doctrine. (See chapters 4 and 5 respectively)

① p 415
② p 402 + 416

Chapter Three

HOMELY LILLA

Characters:

Lilla Vance----the woman with a problem.
Venetia Phillips, friend of Helen Hart (THE COMMON LOT)
Gordon James-----the man Lilla marries, principal of a school and budding politician.

Mrs. Vance------Lilla's mother.
David----------Lilla's son.
John Slawn------a neighboring rancher with whom Lilla finds complete union--outside wedlock.

Chapter Three

WOMAN--THE PIONEER

Lilla Vance, with the same bottled passion for living that made Helen's little friend, Venetia Phillips, rail: "Why can't we get hold of life before it's too late? It's going on all round us, big, and rich, and full of blood. And folks like you and me sit on the bank eating a picnic lunch", had married in obedience to her mother's idea of what was good and pure. She believed she was burying the wild, fierce, Lilla of Pitcher's Landing, the Lilla who conceived of life as a tearing through something triumphantly, with a delicious sinking of the teeth and claws into it; the Lilla who had for life a vast and increasing zest, by the act of marriage. But there was that in Lilla that demanded something out of life while she was young.

Gordon James did not arouse in her any of those deplorable emotions which had once threatened to wreck her life. But this, according to her mother, was as it should be before marriage, and afterwards, too. Marriage was woman's destiny. But even in marriage, which was the only conceivable relation between a good woman and a man who desired her, the woman must protect herself against the animalism of man's lower nature for his own sake. The duty of the good woman was to guide,

control, and dominate man's passion, and when it must be, to endure it. Children were woman's great compensation and reward for all the repulsiveness of marriage. To Lilla's timid question: " Do you think marriage must be repulsive, mother?" she answered: "I don't see how it can be anything else for a refined woman. Men and women are so different."

Lilla had an intense, unmoral nature. But her mother's doctrine of sex relations had sunk deeply into her consciousness. There was for her but one conclusion--she herself was far from "nice". The power in her over men which she had liked to exercise, the tiptoe thrill she felt in her body, which made her want to dance instead of walk, was evidence of depravity.[1]

In her marriage with Gordon she found not partnership, but emptiness, degrading emptiness.[2] During one short period when he was running for political office they approached a basis of friendliness and cooperation. She felt that she was something more to him than his housekeeper and the woman he lived with, legally; she was also a friend and an adviser, which increased her self-respect. But this dignity did not long last.

Lilla wanted babies. She felt that they would tie her into life and satisfy the urge for creative expression. Aunt Myra said: "At first you don't understand, but as life gets on and your part in it becomes less important to you and less

1 Pat
2 Pat

interesting, then you need the children--it's the link in the great chain." But Gordon felt they would interfere with his career. Lilla's first child she had because she deliberately seduced her husband.

He could not understand the urge within her to have a child, nor what she felt about their life and his career--her feeling that they were tarnished somehow by living in daily fear of having a child because they thought they were too poor, because they were afraid to fall in the social scale.

Gordon did not want her to share his thoughts. He warily refrained from committing himself to any extensive cooperation, keeping his own counsel and working hiddenly at his own secret pattern of life.

He had a very definite ideal of marriage. The man had the battle of life to fight, the risks to run, and the woman should be his refuge, his comfort, his solace. "His thing!",Lilla concluded bitterly. It was up to the woman, if she cared for her husband, to see that she did not have children, if they interfered with his plan. If she found that she was about to have a child, she must prevent such a catastrophe at any cost. When he finally made Lilla understand this view of marriage, she felt that the last remnant of peace, contentment, and respect had faded from their relationship--that henceforth everything about it must be sordid and ugly.

Gordon did not approve of her. He did not like her ways. He corrected and scolded, sometimes even in public--but he could not keep away from her, let her go her own way and live her own life, as she was willing to let him live his. This was married life, she told herself with revulsion; and gradually a loathing for it and all it involved gave rise to a disgust for herself, an indifference, a contempt for him and for the pretence he was at such pains to make of being her lover and an exemplary husband. At least men and women could be honest with each other!

That was the queerness of marriage; two people lived together and apparently knew all about each other--all the little things which did not count--but remained strangers inside. If Gordon had been willing to give her all the children she wanted, she probably wouldn't have thought so much about the rest--and let him have what he wanted.

It was a woman's business, she reflected, to do everything in marriage except earn the money; and as she realized the emptiness and degradation of her marriage, the dead sea route she had been following, she resolved to do that rather than undergo the humiliations inherent in her present method of earning a living.©

She returned to ranch life, for which she had longed since childhood, to live vitally, wresting a livelihood for herself and her son, David, from the unbroken earth, building step by step, as the race has built, shucking off the

dead things that had bound her.

She discovered that the force within her which had been repressed, denied, which she had thought dead, which she had been told was vile, was beautiful and creative; and she was glad that it had remained in her heart, warming it in dull, cold times. She knew now that it is not well to live without fierceness and passion. She looked forward to emotional fulfillment with Slawn as a new partner. Theirs would be a sound basis for real living, for he treated her as an equal, and they respected each other's character and force, proved in the thousand little crises and trials of their daily lives. Life was a glow of myriad atoms of human beings, beating and struggling in a vast void, each with his precious mite of living force--struggling to be made free. Through her relationship with Slawn she would gain freedom at last, complete physical and spiritual union.

When Gordon, seeking to re-establish their marriage after his own life collapsed, refused to recognize their failure openly and decently by divorce,[0] Lilla affirmed in effect: 'To go back to you would be wicked and cowardly. Perhaps when you realize how unnecessary David and I are to your happiness, you will be willing to say so and get a divorce. It isn't really very important; I'm taking all the liberty I want. The time comes when a woman has earned her emancipation

[0] P244

from your laws. My son will understand my relationship with Slawn, who has been more of a father to him than you have ever been. He's your son,Gordon, by accident, but you've never taken the trouble to make him yours by love--and that's the only real parenthood. ©

Thus was born Woman!

Chapter Four

THE WEB OF LIFE

Characters:

Howard Sommers----doctor, idealist, critic of materialism.
Alves Preston-----impecunious school teacher, widow, and hedonist, who revolts with him against the society he despises.
Louise Hitchock---first friend, later wife of Sommers, a daughter of wealth who renounces it for Sommers.

Chapter Four

WOMAN--THE HEDONIST

Alves Preston's passion for living was expressed in a completely hedonistic philosophy. Sorrow, tragedy, and desperation could not alter her conviction that the one purpose of life was to enjoy. Singularly childish it seemed even to herself, this perpetual obsession by the desire for happiness--this inarticulate, unformed desire. She was so amply made for joy--so strong to love and to endure; so true to the eternal passions!

But hers was not mere household love, the calm minutes of interlude in the fragments of a busy day. They would not satisfy the deep thirst for love in her heart. She was the figure paramount of those with soul enough to thirst for beauty, happiness, life, and to her they were denied. To die without happiness she felt was to have lived unfulfilled. That is what she felt as a child in the rich fields of Wisconsin and as a girl at the chapel of the seminary.

Right or wrong she sought happiness, for, she said, if we make happiness in the world, we know God. God lives upon our happiness. That is why we are made--to have happiness and joy, to rejoice the heart of God, to make God live, for He must be happiness itself; and when we are happy and feel joy in living, He must grow stronger.①

"What will I do to get it?", she continued. "When it

① P176

Chapter Four

WOMAN--THE NECESSITY

Alyse Gaston's passion for living was expressed in a completely hedonistic philosophy. Sorrow, tragedy, and desperation could not alter her conviction that the one purpose of life was to enjoy. Singularly enlightening it seemed even to herself, this perpetual obsession by the desire for happiness--this inextinguishable, unformed desire. She was so amply made for joy--so strong to love and to endure; so true to the eternal paradox!

But here was not mere Dionysian love, the calm climbs of intensity in the fragrance of a misty day. They would not satisfy the deep thirst for love in her heart. She was the figure paramount of those with soul enough to thirst for beauty, happiness, life, and to her they were denied. To die without happiness she felt was to have lived unfulfilled. That is why she felt as a child in the rich fields of Wisconsin and as a girl at the chapel of the seminary.

Right or wrong she sought happiness, for, she said, if we make happiness in the world, we know God. God lives upon our happiness. That is why we are made--to have happiness and joy, to rejoice the heart of God, to make God live, for he must be happy as itself; and when we are happy and feel joy in living, he must grow stronger.

"What will I do to get it", she continued. "When it

comes within my grasp I will do everything, everything, and nothing shall hinder me. We have to labor hard for a little joy, and it's best to get the joy, as much as you can, and not fret over the work."[1] All emotion was transmuted to this--an elemental state of conviction transforming the tawdry acts of life. She recognized but one everlasting emotion which equalized everything, in which all manifestations of life had their proper place and proportion, according to which man could work in joy.

And when Dr. Sommers came into her sordid, tragic life, she grasped at the happiness that love shared with him offered. They rebelled together against the web of life, against the world of little and great, of domineering and incompetent wills, of the powerful rich struggling blindly to dominate and the weak poor struggling blindly to sustain their lives; against the vast web of petty greeds and blind efforts.

The love they achieved was not the pale beatitude of Sommers' dreams, with its sweet wistfulness, its shy desires, large and vague and insubstantial. It was savage, triumphant, sweeping away hesitation, nicety, and doubts--all the prejudices of all times. To Alves for all the waiting of the empty years came this payment--love that satisfied, that could never be satisfied.[2]

She didn't want to marry Sommers. She had been married

[1] p 459
[2] p 213

to a beast. Now she wanted love. At first her refusal to marry had been a sentiment, merely an instinctive, unreasoned decision. Later she would not consent to tie Sommers' hands, to make him realize the irrevocableness of his step.

So these two lived isolated from the conventional world, on a common human basis, in the nakedness and simplicity of life. And she asked fearfully: "Am I not enough to make up for the world, success, and pleasure? I can make you love, and when you love you do not think. When you think I can't get at your thought."

Gradually as Howard's expensive clothes wore out he replaced them with machine-made articles of cheap manufacture. His belongings were like hers now. She was bringing him a little closer to her in such ways, food and lodging and raiment. But not in thought and being! Even in those limits of life, when the whole world was banned, she realized it was impossible to hold undisturbed one's joy. In the loneliest island of the human sea it would be thus--division and ultimate isolation.①

She was saddened by the realization that she was entirely beyond the sphere of influence,of usefulness to him. Living in an almost savage isolation, she dreaded his absorption in anything apart from her. He was slipping away into a silent region--man's peculiar world--of thought, dream, speculation--an intangible, ideal, remote, unloving world. Alves tried to help him as a nurse.② She thought to come closer to him in this way, but she suspected that he understood her motive, that her

① P274-5
② P278

work did not seem quite sincere to him. She was looking for payment in love.

Ultimately came the inescapable realization that to flame, to burn, to feel, is not all. The day of love tokens was past and she felt a wall that was building impalpably between the, a division of thought and feeling. Her mind turned to the larger thoughts of their union.

She saw with sudden clearness what she had done to the man she loved. She had taken him from his proper position in the world; she had forced him to push his theories of revolt beyond sane limits. She had isolated him, tied him, so that his powers would never be tested. A man like him could never be happy, standing outside the fight with his equals. The tenderness of his first passion had sprung amid the rank growth of her past with its sordid little drama. And the soil in her fate had tarnished their lives ever since.[1]

And what had she given him? Love--every throb of her passionate body, every desire and thought. There sounded the sad note of defeat: no man ever lived for love alone. Passion was a torrid desert. Already he was withdrawing into the mysterious recesses of his soul. She was but a parasite that fed upon this soul. To be fully a man he must return to the poor average world, or be less than the trivial people he had always despised.

To love shamefully was not in Alves; so she put the

[1] P 303

cause of her shame away. Life was one vast, ever-darkening sphere filled with threatening voices, where she and others wandered in sorrow, in regret, in disappointment, and also in JOY. Oh, that redeemed it! Her joy had been so beautiful, so true to the promise of God in the pitiful heart of man! She said to herself that she had tasted it without sin, and now had the courage to put it away from her before it turned to a draught bitter to her and to others.(2)

There were more joys in this life than the fierce love for man: the joy over a child, which had been given to her and taken away; the joy of triumph, the joy--but why should she remember the others! Her joy had its own perfection. For all the tears and waste of living, this one passion had been given--a joy that warmed her body in the cold gloom of the night.(1) Beyond lay a pleasant blackness of clear water. Into this she plunged, still warm with the glow of perfect happiness. She left Howard in the delusion that it would be better thus, that by this means he would find his way, free and unshackled, back to the world of his fellows.

He returned to his fellow laborers with a new feeling of humbleness, a desire to adjust himself to them. Eventually came a new partnership with Louise Hitchcock. Trying to do the things that Louise approved before he met Alves, he had been restless, without the calm certainty, the exquisite fulness of feeling that the latter had given him without a single outspoken word. Louise and he had been antagonized by

(1) P 308
(2) P 308

ideas. Now she was able to show a more humble Howard that ideas don't separate people, that one must trust people, those who understand and care.①

She did not completely understand his pattern of life which made no provision for a career, for personal ambition, for egotism; but asked merely a man's right to start with the crowd at the scratch, without a handicap, without hope for great profit, which sought only the joy of working because he WANTED to do things, for the minimum pay possible for existence.② But she was ready to accept his pronouncement that the professions should be great monastic orders, reserved for those who have the strength to serve while they renounce ease, luxury, and power for themselves and children.

She desired only to help him to live. What she could not understand she accepted as best for her and for him. And to his doubting query: "And the lack of success, the failure?" "I am asking much and giving very little." , she replied: "You understand so badly! I shall never know that it is a failure."③

① P 323
② P 329
③ P 351

Chapter Five

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

Characters:

Alexandra Arnold---worshipper of power and success, who refuses the love of
Hugh Grant---------idealist with reforming zeal.
Alexander Arnold---father of Alexandra and leading financier of Chicago.

Chapter Five

WOMAN--THE GODDESS OF POWER

Alexandra Arnold was not ready to sacrifice the gifts of the world for lofty idealism. This daughter of privilege had no desire to free herself from the power accumulated by someone else. The female counterpart of Alexander Arnold, whose greedy fingers had grasped power all the days of his life, who had eaten his kind in the struggle, when they were weaker, she expressed the simple creed of her race in her challenge to Hugh Grant--"power is life ! The strong are beautiful and powerful--they are able to do deeds...I am glad that the strong survive. The beautiful and the fit are worth a dozen of the common sort--even when they eat their kind.[1] The feeble are worse than the evil, for they are naught."

She stood beside the arena, observing the struggle, ready to reward with her graces that Male who was strong enough to triumph, who "went into things to win". Men, she believed, must fight for something, and the strong must win. She had always lived with strong people, who could rise above the shoulders of the crowd. They made beauty, luxury, power--all that she loved. To be effective in some manner, to leave some mark graved upon existence she considered the only excuse for living.

Through revealing experience Hugh Grant had reached the

[1] P 190-191

idealistic conclusions,which became for him a religious creed, that the strong do not possess life; that the great plunderers with all the lawless freedom of the earth can not get it. Men fight beasts for it, but life escapes in the strife.(1) Life, he perceived, as a flame, a vision of the spirit, and that is all. Each must go his way in labor, waking to a world made within, changing as he changes--a world various and wonderful, in which each has his little bit to be done.(2)

Yearning to link his life indissolubly with Alexandra Arnold, to possess her golden loveliness, he knew that in doing so he must sacrifice his new-born soul, for he should be conquered by his love, by the woman in his arms, and become the servant of power, ruling and possessing as they did. With Alexandra there was no other way.(3)

Despairing, he appealed to Alexandra: "Let memake the world for you with my love. Is it not enough? You are proud with the pride of your kind. But I am prouder than you. I would have the woman I love alone, as my equal, content to go forth into life with me as my mate, unknown, unfriended, with neither privilege nor place, with neither fortune nor position. I would that love should be enough for her as for me, and my world hers. Come with me because of love, the love now between us and the greater love to come."

Matching his egotism she replied: "That is not the way to speak to the heart of a woman. Tell me to come with

(1) P 291
(2) P 293
(3) P 301

you to victory, to achievement, to the fullness of life--and I will follow you to the ends of your earth." ①

Between them there lay an unabridgable gulf, deeper than wealth, or tradition, or convention, for Alexandra was not one of those rare, exceptional souls who are willing to leave the game, renounce the winning to keep an ideal. And so Hugh fled from the woman he loved, for whom love was a jest, and life was art and a selfish will. The end of no man's being is woman, however adored and desired!

Marrying one of the chief plunderers in the game of life, Alexandra tasted of every joy she had willed--and none filled her being. She was wife, not mother; princess, not woman; she had power, but not love. Like a beautiful scentless flower she had lived for years, until she, too, had come to know the truth, had become strong to live. ② At the extremity of life they who had parted clung to each other in complete understanding and will. Two equal souls had met. To Alexandra Hugh exulted: "It is the beginning for you!"

Thus the daughter of privilege became free, free in spirit, moving without the limitations that the world had created for her, that she had created for herself, in a new and lofty plane. She went her way, seeking to make beautiful the lives of waifs placed by fate in her hands, teaching them to value possessions little, to value life--the supreme privilege of being--enormously; to regard all labor as of equal use and honor, and the end of living as something quite beyond the art of getting a living. ③

① P 499
② P 403
③ P 433 + 426

Chapter Six

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE

Characters:

Milly Bragdon---the woman with a problem; vain, parasitic, futile, and extravagant.

Jack Bragdon----her artist husband, chivalrous and frustrated.

Ernestine Geyer--crippled working woman upon whom Milly "sponges".

Bessie Falkner--a character in TOGETHER, the same type as Milly.

Bob Falkner-----her husband, faced with the same problems that Jack Bragdon has.

Margaret Pole---another character in TOGETHER, an intellectual woman who gives Bob Falkner real love.

Chapter Six

WOMAN--THE SPENDER

Milly Bragdon and Bessie Falkner never learned to value possessions little, and believed Man's chief function was to develop the art of getting a living.

In general characteristics these two young women were much the same. Though circumstances varied the pattern of their lives, each sought in marriage an opportunity to exercise her remarkable social gifts. Shrewd Ernestine Geyer characterized them aptly when she said: "They're mostly looking for some soft snap. That type expects to marry right off, catch some fellow who'll be nice to 'em and let 'em live off him."① They lacked the perception which revealed to Ernestine that "there's nothin' in that sort of marriage".

In their vague creed a good wife must be chaste, of course; other matters of wifely duty were less distinct. They were true to their sentimental education with it's woman's creed of the ommipotence of love. They felt that they were doing the wife's part admirably, furthering the husband's interests by being competent hostesses and receiving the admiration of clever people. It was not the way their mothers had helped their husbands, but it was the modern and agreeable way of paying for what they wanted--in smiles and pretty speeches--in small change. That Milly would do anything more than keep their home running smoothly and pleasantly--an at-

① P324

tractive spot for friends to come to--and keep herself personally as smart and youthful and desirable as her circumstances permitted, she would never admit. A woman's hold on the world, she was convinced, lay in her looks and her charms, not in her character.[1] And what man who had anything of a man in him would expect more of his wife?

Milly was not as advanced as the new type of woman described by Margaret Pole when she advised Isabelle thus: "My dear little Bourgeoise, you must get a larger point of view. The housewife ideal is doomed. Women won't submit to it--intelligent ones", and Bessie when she said scornfully, referring to woman's burden of child-bearing, "whatever ties a woman to the home, makes her a piece of domestic furniture, the men seem to approve of".

To deliberately set herself to find an interesting and inexpensive occupation for her idle hours was not in Milly's nature--few women of her class did this in her generation. It was enough for her to be "head of her house" and to be a gracious and desirable companion to her lord in his free hours of relaxation. Anything else was altogether "advanced" and "queer".

These advanced women all "went in" for something. Indeed, they tried to conduct their lives and their husbands' lives on lines of definite accomplishment. She was decidedly old-fashioned" in living hers from day to day for what it offered

[1] P 24

of amusement or ennui. She was rather proud of the fact that she had never deliberately "gone in" for anything in her life except love. The generation with which Milly began had never recognized the desirability of other ideals for women, and Milly, like many of her sisters in the middle walk of life, always resented the assumption that every human being, including women, should have a plan and a purpose in this life.

She and Bessie were to avoid children, if possible. If they had had any real education, they might have recalled the teaching of science and realized that their special function was but a universal means to a universal end; that those very physical attractions they held so dear were all designed for the simple purpose of continuing the species. Having no one to mention these improper truths, they remained in the pleasant illusion of literature and religion that they were altogether superior creatures, something mysterious to be worshipped and preserved.① This belief was like poetry; it satisfied and sustained--and it gave an unconscious impulse to their whole life.

Her artist husband told Milly of his aspirations about painting--"the real thing", the desire to "go in for the big stunts". Milly listened sympathetically. That was what he should do, of course, have a career, a man's career. All her life she had wished to be an "inspiration" in some man's life work.② What greater thing than to inspire an Artist to his

① P.32
② P.42

glorious fulfillment? Her idea of Art was decoration and excitement. When successful, it made money and noise in the world, and brought social rewards, naturally. She hadn't married Jack for that, or for any reason except because of his own adorable personality. But now she was married, she meant to make the most of the Gift. Jack was to be a Creator, and she aspired to be embodied in the creation and share its profits.①

Milly Bragdon and Bessie Falkner considered the American husband primarily the forager and provider. If he didn't bring in enough from the day's hunt to satisfy the charming squaw that he had made his consort, he must trudge forth again and get more. A poor hunter does not deserve the embellishment of a Bessie and two pretty children. Since Jack and Bob could not cash in on their idealistic schemes, they shelved them of necessity and went forth to bring in more game. They read no poetry and painted no real pictures.②

They had within them the feeling that something precious inside them was being murdered by the pressing struggle to earn more, always more. That feeling proclaimed that they were not mere makers of dollars, that life was more than food and lodging, even with those they loved most; and there swept over them a miserable sense of the futility and impossibility of communicating with their mates. The last shame of marriage for Bob Falkner came with the knowledge that Bessie felt that

① P 179
② P 240

her physical attractiveness should compensate him and suffice for all his needs. She believed him indebted to her for all eternity because she "gave" herself to him.[1] Neither she nor Milly could understand that a man might love even a faded flower like Marian Reddon, if she had kept the sweet savor of her spirit alive.

These women conceived of only one worse experience in life than not making good--giving the appearance of it and then collapsing. Incomprehensible was the view of Marian Reddon and Alice Johnston that if a man doesn't like his work, he has no business doing it. He had much better get out of it and into the fight with other men.[2]

Consequently, to Jack Bragdon's plea that instead of striving to maintain the semblance of an expensive comfort in the city by selling himself to magazines and publishers and prostituting his art, they take their lives in their hands and like brave people walk out of the city-maze to freedom, to a simple, rational life without pretense, Milly turned a deaf ear.[3] They saw that their inmost interests were antagonistic and must always remain so for all the active, creative years of their lives, and the best they could do, for the sake of their dead ideals, much more for the sake of the living child, was decently to compromise between their respective egotisms and "live and let live."[4]

① P 232
② P 244
③ P 255
④ P 256

There was a tragedy between Bessie and Milly and their husbands, but not the one that they suspected, not the mere tragedy of extravagance. Each realized dimly that the other hindered rather than promoted that something within which each held tenaciously as most precious. Instead of giving mutually, they stole mutually, and the end of that sort of life must be concubinage or separation--or a spiritual readjustment beyond the horizon of these people.① These women were the victims of ideas utterly beyond their knowledge, ideas that must invariably carry the Milly Ridges along in their momentum, to their ultimate destruction.

Gazing fascinatedly at her husband's one creative work, even Milly had realized that here was plain evidence of her husband's being in which she had not the smallest share. His creation had nothing whatsoever to do with her;and something deeper than egotism, far deeper than jealousy, rose from the depths of her nature--a sex-antagonism.② She saw in his art a force inimical to her and antagonistic to all orderly living. She succeeded in crushing it and her husband. For one wild moment he had entertained the idea of cutting the knot which bound them and taking his freedom, choosing spiritual life instead of prolonged death. But he had turned his back upon the Promised Land and done the world's work--what it would pay well for. That was Milly's triumph!

① P 189
② P 229

Chapters 7,8, 9

TOGETHER

Characters:

Isabelle Lane---the principal character, a romantic neurotic, futile woman, who is however, intelligent.

Her women friends:

Bessie Falkner, parasitic wife

Margaret Pole---disappointed wife, but constructive thinker

Conny Woodyard--clever wife who combined the old and new ideals of marriage in a very modern relationship

Alice Johnston--Isabelle's cousin, a perfect type of helpmate--socially unambitious

John Lane-------Isabelle's husband, a power in the RR world, practical bus. man.

Bob Falkner-----Bessie's husband--engineer and idealist

Larry Pole------spineless waster husband of Margaret

Ned-------------Margaret's injured son

Dr. Potts-------nerve specialist

Dr. Renault-----child specialist, philosopher

Tom Cairy-------lover of both Conny and Isabelle

Vickers---------adored brother of Isabelle, idealist and accomplished musician

Mrs. Conry------adventuress with whom Vickers eloped.

Steve Johnston---plodding, scrupulous railroad clerk, happy because he has not compromised with life.

Chapter Seven

WOMAN--"UNDEFILED"

Bob Falkner had not accepted his wife's death sentence as easily as Jack Bragdon. He had taken his freedom and gone forth, eventually to discover a real mate in Margaret Pole.

Real union, they both believed, did not consist of legal bonds--they knew enough of the futility of those--but in mutual understanding and the need one for another. At the extreme verge of human experience these two realized that inner state of harmony, that equilibrium of spirit, towards which conscious beings strive blindly, and which sanctioning what man forbids, gives reason to life. The spirit within them declared that it was best so to gain the heights, whether in the final sum of life it should lie as Sin or Glory. For the subtle virtue of a great fulfillment is its power to alter the inner aspect of all things thereafter!

Margaret married her husband when she was twenty-four, with confidence, belief in him, and a spiritual aspiration concerning marriage not possible to many who marry. However foolishily she may have deluded herself, betrayed a fatal incapacity to divine, she believed when she went to the altar with Lawrence Pole that she was marrying a Man--one whom she could respect as well as

love, and to whom she should remain loyally bound in mind and heart, and soul. She came to her marriage virgin in soul, as well as in body, without a spot from living, without a vicious nerve in her body, ready to learn. She believed Larry high souled, poetic, restrained tender--all the ideals. With him life would be a communion of lovely and lovable things. He and she would live on the heights, with art, ideas, and beauty.

But her marriage was a mistake, one of the millions women make out of blind ignorance of self and life.

When her heart began to grow cold in the process of petrifaction, there awakened a new faculty--her mind. And one by one with relentless clarity she stripped bare all those platitudinous precepts that she had inherited, had accepted, as one accepts the physical facts of the world.(1)

"Lawrence does not show great power, but he is a good man--a faithful husband and a kind father. That is much, Margaret. It rests with you to make him more!", her father had said. And Margaret had asked herself: "What is that sort of goodness worth in man? I had rather my husband were what you call a bad man--and a Man!" "And a good woman has always the comfort of her children, when she has been blessed with them, who will grow to fill the desolate places in her heart", concluded the good Bishop. But the daughter was thinking: "A woman's heart is not filled with the love of children.(2) A woman's life is not

(1) P 277
(2) P 279

closed at thirty-two! ...I have a soul--a life to be satisfied in order to live and to give life. There is wonder and joy and beauty womewhere in this gray procession of phenomena, and it must come to me sometime. When it comes, I will grasp it! " If Larry had been more of a Man, if he had wanted anything, she might have loved him, but failing this, she told him she would do her "job", but would not share a physical life. To his shocked question: "You take back your marriage vow?" she replied: "I have decided to take myself back, my body and my soul--what is personally most mine. But I will serve you--make you comfortable".(1)

By what they had suffered, apart, by what they had tested and rejected, Margaret and Falkner had fitted themselves to come together, for a small point of time, in complete fulfillment. The woman gave herself with full knowledge and the man possessed with full insight in an experience which created a spirit common to both, in which both might live apart, each from the other, so long as they could see with the spirit--an existence new, deeper, inner.(2)

Margaret felt that thus she could keep herself alive and be to her children, and to her husband, too, something better than a good housewife.(3) For her those hours were more than ordinary life. It was love before parting. She had come to Falkner as to a man condemned to die, to leave the earth forever, and the one most precious thing he wanted, and the one most precious

(1) P 284 (3) 340
(2) P 340

thing that she had to give, that she had given freely--to the man condemned to death. Since neither was free, they had to part, for hiding and corner lies were not for them. That was too great a price to pay for happiness! What she had done this once could never be done again without defilement. To Bob she said: "You must understand--you must always remember through all the years of life--that I--the woman you love--am sinless, am pure...I can go with your kisses upon my lips to my children, to little Ned, and hold him tight, and know that I am pure in the sight of God!" ① To his protest against being limited by the opinions, the prejudices of other people, of social laws they didn't respect, she replied that she was limited only because seizing her happiness, she would make others wretched. The law of pity in place of the law of God was the fragile leash for passion and egotism.

She gave Bob back to Bessie with these words: "It was Larry's nature to be weak, and small, and petty....But don't you see that I deserted him? I took back my hand! And now I should let you take back yours. I have come to understand that the weak must bear the burden of the strong--always." ② Margaret Pole had triumphed!

① P 339
② P 448

Chapter Eight

WOMAN--THE MOULDER

There was romance in Conny Woodyard and more than romance and imagination--a diplomatic shrewdness, a man's grasp of the actual, and the urge to mould life.

She made up her mind just what she wanted out of life--a certain kind of husband, a certain kind of married life, a certain set of associates--and she got just what she planned. She wasn't an opportunist like most of her friends who didn't quite know why they chose their husbands, who took the children they gave them because they came, and lived conventionally in the circumstances chosen for them by the Male.

Percy Woodyard and Cornelia Pallanton married on a new, radical basis. They had an "understanding". They went through with the customary formula and oaths of marriage to please their relatives and a foolish world; but neither was to be "bound" by any such piece of silly archaism as the marriage contract. Both recognized that their diversified natures might require more varied experience than the other could give.

Conny's husband was not a rich man--Conny was not after money; but he was a clever lawyer, well connected, in with a lot of interesting people--and he had possibilities. Conny saw

those and developed them. That was her success! She combined the old and the new ideas of woman's function. She made the mould of their life, but she worked through her husband. As a result, she got just what she wanted, and her husband adored her. He was the outward and visible symbol of her inward and material strength.

To live, she said, you must give something of yourself that is worth the while of Somebody Else to take and pay for--pay as high as he can be made to pay. She was what civilization forced her to be a successful adventuress. Like Alexandra*, she believed that this world was for the able--those who knew what to take from the table and how to take it. She was one of those with the instinct for power and the strength to achieve it.

But even with her robust intelligence and strong will to grasp that which seemed good to her in life, she wanted to love--in a way she had never loved before. Like many women, she had passed thirty with a husband of her choice, two children, and an establishment entirely of her making, before she became aware that she had missed something on the way--a something that other women had.

Her relations with her husband were perfect--she had said so for years. They were very intimate friends, close comrades. She knew that Percy respected and admired her more than any woman in the world, and paid her the last flattery

* chapter 5

of conceding to her will, respecting her intelligence. But there was something that Tom Cairy seemed able to do--give her a sensation partly physical, wholly emotional, like the effect of stimulant, touching every nerve.①

She told Percy frankly of her feeling for Tom and continued to weave the pattern of life for her and Percy--and Tom!② Never before had she been so pleased with life or her competent handling of her affairs in it. She felt that she had admirably fulfilled all claims upon her as well as satisfied herself. She was quite determined that nothing should make any difference in her relations with her husband, who, she recognized, was larger and finer than Tom Cairy.③

She kept faith with herself when Percy "flew the track" and by doing so threatened the structure of the life she had so carefully built. With a true artist's devotion to his creation, she sent her lover away, though she was certain he would turn to Isabelle Lane for consolation.④

① P 220
② P 254
③ P 256
④ P 303

Chapter Nine

WOMAN--THE ROMANTIC

Isabelle Lane in marriage followed the accepted career of women of her class. Sentimentally romantic, she thought her liking for John Lane was love, and that they would "spoon" out their days together, at least read and be great chums. But things didn't work out that way and she was a disappointed woman. She realized, herself, that such a plan was stupid.

Even on her honeymoon it dawned in her dimly that something was wanting in her marriage, in the union with the man she had chosen--the real state of passionate and complete union that Alice Johnston and Steve had. She felt a strange division separating John and her, a cleavage between their bodies and their souls.①

John Lane felt this, also, but like a chivalrous American gentleman, he was not aggrieved because even during the first two years of marriage he and their life together were not enough to satisfy his wife. He contemplated Isabelle--a developed type of human being demanding much of life for satisfaction and adjustment; and he felt the obligation to live up to her, having won her from a superior position. He plunged into his affairs with determination, an unconscious feeling that he must by his exertions provide those satisfactions and adjustments which his wife's nature demanded for its perfect development.②

Convinced that she was doing something against nature

① P 37-40
② " 41

in trying to live married to a man who wasn't "really" her husband, Isabelle developed into a neurotic type of woman. She told herself that there was more for woman than the love for a man, yet when she "found" this love, she was willing to sacrifice all else. Like all poor mortals who have not triumphed or sunk irretrievably into the mire, she hungered for some definite self-accomplishment, a foundation for living that would give meaning and dignity to her own little life. Seeking freedom through absorption in some effort, she went through a series of "ideas" and "phases" designed to develop her talents. The intoxicating feast of life was spread lavishly before her, and with full purse and never-sated appetite, she rushed from ont thing to another, avid to know, to feel, to experience. She knew nothing of the things that made her husband's life, the things that went down to its roots. She assumed she wouldn't understand them.

Eventually she came to believe what the popular nerve specialist, Dr. Potts, told her--that she needed a lover. And in Tom Cairy she thought at last she possessed the perfect love. She did not love him because of his intellectual grasp, though in the matters she cared for he seemed brilliant; nor because of his emotional appeal, entirely. Isabelle felt that in giving up her life with John she would be serving not only herself, but Cairy, too. He needed her. She could do so much for him! For John she could do nothing.

John Lane would not plead for himself. He scorned to hold his wife because she was bound to him by oath, by custom, by their child. Against the other man he would play merely himself, the decent years of their common life, their home, her own heart. He was fighting a losing battle until Isabelle's brother, Vickers, took a hand.

He had sacrificed wealth, the respect of society, and the love of his parents to take a woman he idealized away from her sordid life with a brutal husband. He explained the wreck of his life to his sister thus, in the hope that it might save her from the same step: "You and I, Belle, " want the freedom of our feelings, but we want to keep a halo about them. It's no use going dead against your nature, the way you were made to run. All the sentiment and lofty feeling went out of our love (his and Mrs. Conry's). It turned bad. We became animals tied together, first by our passion, and afterwards by the situation. Love taken that way turns sour. It eats you like a poison. It is better to suffer in this world than to make others suffer."[1]

When he could not convince this sister, who was dearer to him than life, of the foolishness of what she contemplated, he suffered his final defeat in the realization that his spiritual power of guidance had gone from him because of what he had done. This power was part of the marrow of the man that had been burned out. He felt that his soul was impotent

[1] Pyn-13

that he was a shell, something dead that could not kindle another to life.✓

In desperation, he goaded cowardly Tom Cairy into a quarrel which ended, as he knew it must, fatally for Vickers. He found in this melodramatic act a means of creating a positive value from a debasing experience. Isabelle at last beheld the sawdust stuffing of her romantic idol.

In the period of readjustment which followed Vickers' death, under the casual tutelage of Dr. Renault, she perceived that in her preoccupation with the problems, the sensations, and the ends of life, in her anxiety to get just the best, she had lost even the common good; that hers was the fault if she did not count in John Lane's life; that there was something more important in marriage than emotional satisfaction, than conventional cohabitation.① She accepted as merited Dr. Renault's contemptuous denunciation of modern woman: "Men are given to you women to protect--the best in them! You live off their strength. What do you give them? Sensuality or spirit? " Her husband was a stranger; she had given him nothing but one child.②

Real love, she learned, should be a devotion of their whole beings, a growing together--not just a function of the body. The form of union mattered little;it was the spirit that counted in human relations.③ Real union did not consist of legal or physical bonds--but of mutual understand-

✓ P 415
① P 588
② · 498
③ P 554

ing and need one for another.

She set about establishing a new basis for their life which would eradicate as far as possible the harm of the waste years.① Isabelle no longer lived inattentively in marriage!

① P 547

Chapter Ten

CHIMES

Characters:

Jessica Mallory---attractive woman, genuine scholar in the field of psychology, mother of three children and wife of
Edgar Mallory-----A university official.

Clavercin---------professor in the same university, author, romanticist, sentimentalist, in love with Jessica.

Chapter Ten

WOMAN--THE SCIENTIST

Jessica Mallory and Serena Massey were "advanced" types of women, both of them passionate individualists, exacting respect for their own individuality, scrupulously respecting the individuality of others. Deriding all conventions, especially those that tyrannously restricted women in their relations with men, they fulfilled the orthodox roles of wife and mother acceptably.①

Marriage, they diagnosed as a most imperfect institution for people of strong individuality. The most that the husband could expect was that his wife would not stand in his way, nor he in hers. Modern family life, as Jessica planned it, should be fluid and crowded, each member of the family so absorbed in his or her own special engagements that he had little or no time for the others. Then on the rare occasions, when they gathered together each would have something of the novelty of a stranger to offer to the others, each would <u>contribute</u>,as Jessica put it.②

To Clavercin's protest thatshe left no place for feeling she replied: "There's been too much of that in women's lives." "Women are forever exploiting their emotions, and those of others...Besides, I don't admit that if they learn to use their minds objectively, they will lose the power to feel. But their

① P 106
② P 114

feelings won't mess up their lives and leave them flabby in middle age, as so often happens to them."①

Emotionally Jessica was as elusive as she was mentally definite. With men she would commit herself to nothing, except a pleasant intellectual "combination".② She appeared to have forgotten that she carried within her the power to love, hate, sin, regret, to make others suffer. These powers she no longer attended to, or perhaps as Zona Gale would put it, her life had been enough to leave her like a cake without eggs. Yet Clavercin suspected that all her life she had been searching for something lost, inside, something that would release her and let her live. She had been engaged in the same quest that the rest of the world follows. She tried to achieve with her mind--and failed!③

Clavercin knew that the intellectual life in itself did not train men to understand themselves in the world. That was Jessica's mistake, he concluded, to believe that you can solve every dark place by thought, without sympathy or imagination, or faith.④ That was why she was content to "heap up her little piles of intellectual sand, industriously tabulating the phenomena of the human soul in the interest of science." She was in adjustment with life, but she attained this by withdrawing from it!⑤

① P 215
② P 221
③ P 217
④ P 232
⑤ P 291

Chapter Eleven
END OF DESIRE

Characters:

Serena Massey--doctor, psychologist, individualist, wife--mistress of
Redfield-------doctor and psychiatrist, idealist, romanticist

Chapter Eleven

WOMAN--THE MISTRESS

Serena Massey was of the same "advanced" school, with the same scientific interest in the phenomena of human behavior that Jessica possessed. But life for her was one great game of experiencing. But her taste was too blunt for a true epicure.

Marriage she considered a qauint folk custom which demanded no more of her than it did of Jessica. For every possible moment in life she was practised, she had a "technique". Human relations, especially sex relations, she held purely personal and sacred to the individual, part of his "right to privacy".

Variety was essential to her complex nature; any sustained mood or emotion was an effort. The slightest strangeness was provocative, appetizing. Her lover, Dr. Redfield, envisaged human relations as having continuity, pattern, growth, and hoped that their love would sensitize them to the subtle beauties of life. ① His loved one should be lifted beyond the limits of the creature of sex into a new realm of wonder, worship, and joy. His was no vulgar emotion of possession. Cooperation, the doing together of something important, was the

① p 48

root of his impulse in life, the guiding principle of all the plans he made, little and large. It was his aspiration to prove to Serena how much she missed by her attitude of spiritual isolation, by her policy of "combining" but not cooperating, and to find with her a larger way of living.①

But she was the mistress type. Meetings, partings, unions, fulfillments, were incidentals of life. They were all moments of experience, more or less vivid and satisfying, entailing no succession necessarily, no development.② In the dance of atoms of a fortuitous world they happened to dance together for a while and might again, nothing more.

She refused to marry him, yet she would not admit frankly their intimate relationship before the world. "Any kind of marriage is impossible for me", Serena insisted. "I don't want anyone to be in the way...to interfere with my friendships, with my work..with any other attachments I might care to form."③ Although she was his mistress while her husband still lived, she did not pretend that her conventional relationship had been distasteful or that Redfield alone could satisfy. Finely endowed natures, she held, could manage several discriminating relationships of various colors and emotional intensity.④ And she admitted that she had never fully broken off her marital relation with her husband.

Redfield was unable to make her realize the sacredness of her body, at least to him, her lover. That was "the stuff

① P67 ③ P214
② P48 ④ P 8

of romantic illusion", a noisome relic of prudishness, she said. The privacy of the body was merely one of the unhealthy "tabus" that had done so much to vitiate sexual attractions.①

"Love-making" meant to Serena a merely sensual experience, a kind of self-hypnosis, in which the adept and agreeable mate cooperated by making himself as effacing and unobjectionable as possible.② It was a rite, however, that one completed by oneself within the inner shrine of one's own being and did not attempt to share with another. It was a becoming entwined, something other than either alone could be, but a means by which she worked out her own individual ecstasy, her own unattained dream.③ To Redfield the essence of the act, its peculiar beauty, even sacredness, was the sharing, the union, not the personal satisfaction. When he tried to express this idea to Serena, she smiled mockingly at him as hopelessly "sentimental".

This "sex-life", the modern translation of love, lacked a quality which Redfield and other unreconstructed romantics craved.④

Serena's plan of life after she was released from her husband's hampering influence by his death, included, to a certain extent, Redfield in "combination". She would work in their intimate life along with her professional work and her domestic exigencies as far as practicable. That was her fullest conception of comradeship and cooperation.⑤ This was her ideal of the common life for a mature couple--both employed

① P 57
② P 317-18
③ P 62-63
④ P 115
⑤ P 61

in independent tasks, flitting hither and yon in the same general world, nodding and calling to each other over the backs of stranger, meeting at luncheon and dinner like casual acquaintances...later perhaps, as occasion offered, uniting for a brief period of secret "love-making", which, Serena assured Redfield, would be the sweeter for being syncopated and furtive.(1) To the pure idealism of his nature, it seemed cleaner, nobler for them to live together openly without any attempt to regularize their relation in the eyes of Society. He despised half-measures, compromises. But this was Serena's way of preserving before the world the fiction of a complete independence, a separate existence from his or anyone's.

Redfield was merely one of a large number of competing interests, basically unimportant. In the Stowe school* women learned to keep men in an incidental, useful, subordinate position.(2)

When Serena finally stripped the last veil of romantic illusion from their life together and her lover perceived that love with her could be shared only on a biologic basis,(4) which would soil the reverences of his nature, that it could never be an expression of an immense tenderness, a yearning of their whole beings, a devotion and exaltation in the complete fulfillment of each, that they could never live in an intimacy of spirits, whole undivided, enduring, giving rise to an ordered beauty of life,(3) he renounced as an illusion such a conception

* Grandmother Stowe's ideas dominated the women of Serena's family.

(1) P 214
(2) P 103
(3) P 116
(4) P 220

and concluded that disillusionment was the romantic's penalty for dreaming such insubstantial dreams.①

① p 97

Chapter Twelve

Characters:

Marian Reddon--character in ONE WOMAN'S LIFE, wife of an architect, friend of Milly Bragdon

Edith Crandall--character in CHIMES, dean of women in a university, ideal "new" woman.

The Shorts------a blacksmith and his wife with whom Isabelle boards while visiting Margaret Pole. (TOGETHER)

Alice and Steve Johnston--who have found the secret of harmonious living. (TOGETHER)

Chapter Twelve

WOMAN--THE HELPMATE

Contrasted with these women in all Herrick's novels are the ideal types who have gained real freedom and who live with dignity and courage, such women as Edith Crandall, Alice Johnston, Marian Reddon, and the blacksmith's wife, Mrs. Short. They are just good people with the plain, elementary, ordinary things of life--peaceful shelter, warmth, comfort, and HAPPINESS!

These women Herrick calls "all woman". They have been loved by man, their marriages have been obviously happy, and yet they have yielded nothing of their personal gifts to the accident of having been born Woman.

Edith Crandall was the ideal type of "new" woman. She took no part in the political struggle for woman's emancipation, but urged instead: "Let us become better, richer human beings, and all other privileges will be ours. But first we must prove our abilities on men's own ground through the discipline of our minds."[1]

Gazing enviously at the Shorts at dinner, Margaret Pole summarized: "Theirs is the figure of a perfect marriage--interlocked activity, with emotional satisfaction! Do you see how they talk without words across the table? They know what the other is thinking always".[2]

① P.34 "CHIMES"
② P.49 "TOGETHER"

That faded flower, Marian Reddon, could rejoice in the knowledge that she and the children were more important to Sam Reddon than he was to them, much as they loved him, for wise woman that she was, she had learned the secret of making marriage "sing like a perpetual song".①

Alice Johnston and Steve had not grabbed greedily for the height of enjoyment, the fruit of many years of living. Alice had learned the deeper lessons of life from her children, from her birth-pangs, through her strong faith in Steve, in the future, in life. Their marriage was a fabric woven firmly around them, partaking effortlessly of the sun's dynamic force, of the rooted strength of the trees, of affection and love. Alice was sincere when she said: "It isn't sordid trying to see what a quarter can be made to do. It's exciting!"

In the face of worldly defeat she said: "It's Steve--and I wouldn't have him different for all the success in the world!" These words stung Isabelle Lane. Such was marriage,--perfect marriage. Neither she nor John could ever say that about the other. However near they might come to be, however close in understanding and effort, they could never know the mystery of two who had lived together, body and soul, and together had solved life.②

① P 195 "TOGETHER"
② P 571 "

Summary

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM:

Adela Anthon made the mistake of assuming that the exercise of one's individual powers was the way to gain life and freedom; and that one had no time to make compromises with life or to spend the strong, creative years earning his freedom. As a result, in occupying herself with the sensations and the ends of life, she sacrificed even the common good.

She erred in regarding her marriage as a thorough course in self-development, without realizing that love is the solvent which transmutes the marriage relationship into the ideal; and in not perceiving that there is no real difference between dilettantes, such as the members of Erard's Art Endeavour Circle, and the good people of Chicago. Jennings, a philosopher friend, showed her that the dilettante is not so worthwhile, for he is nearer dead than the ordinary plodding man. The latter has a race to run, the former has only his grave to dig.

Too late she learned that to try to help yourself to dainties until you are full is a sin against nature; that life is not fulfilled in that way; that to accept the world as it comes to our hands, to shape it painfully without regard for self is what brings the soul peace, for strength is in the acceptance of limitations, not the stretching of them. ©

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THE COMMON LOT

Francis Hart, disappointed because he did not receive an anticipated inheritance, made the mistake of allowing his disappointment to embitter him and warp his perspective.

Adopting the philosophy that "you've got to fight for what you want in this world, and fight hard all the time; there isn't much room for sentiment and fine ideas and philanthropy until you are old and have earned your pile, and done your neighbor out of his in the process"[1], he allowed the clamor and the excitement, and the gross delight of living to numb his sense of the fine, the noble, and the restrained. He forgot Beauty and was content to live without that constant inner vision of her which deadens bodily hunger and feeds the soul of the artist.

His wife, Helen, erred in regarding her husband as a Christ before whom she could pour out her adoration and love, instead of a man in whose heart and brain lay diverse seeds of many kinds, seeds of decay and seeds of life--impulses of creative purpose, of unselfish work, and impulses of lust and greed and deceit.

When a building scandal in which Francis became involved revealed his grossly materialistic creed, it was impossible for her to see that there was nothing more dreadful in her husband's attitude than ordinary human selfishness, sharpened by self-interest. She regarded her husband, the indivisible

[1] P 874 P 230

part of her, as some alien piece of clay.

In the period of separation which followed her disillusionment, she accepted her responsibility for letting them drift on like the other self-seekers, getting and spending, struggling to get ahead, until her husband did something base to make money. She realized that to stand firmly against the materialism of the day demanded"a heat of nature and a character that the man she had married had never possessed"-and she held him less rigidly to her own ideal of life. (1)

Understanding her husband, with all his cowardice and common failings, she could still love him when, possessed by a new longing to slough off the parasitic self that he had become during his years of strife in the city, he came to beg her forgiveness and her help in shaping a new life. (2)

Forseeing the faltering and unideal way of his steps, she gave him her second love, the love that protects in place of the love that adores. And there began for them a new marriage. (3)

(1) P 365
(2) P 339
(3) P 365

HOMELY LILLA:

Lilla should not have married in obedience to her mother's ideal of what was good and pure, nor tried to live without passion, for she possessed a zest for living which demanded vital living and spontaneity of action.①

Gordon was at fault in assuming that he had the right to be aggrieved because his wife dared to act or think or feel except as he did; in assuming that he was the sole arbiter of his wife's destiny and that he had the right to control the woman who lived with him in body and soul because he paid for her support.②

He doomed their marriage when he did not treat Lilla as an equal, did not respect her character and force,③ and denied her the privilege of motherhood because he felt that the increased financial burden of a family would cause them to fall in the social scale.

Since there was nothing constructive in their relationship, the only possible solution was separation.

① p 276
② p 170
③ p 267

THE WEB OF LIFE

Howard Sommers erred in believing that the privileged, assertive classes were all bad, in not realizing that many of those who composed these classes were good fellows, human, kind, and strong, fighting the world's fight fairly. He should not have expected that they would curb their passion for gain, efface themselves, and refuse to take what they had the power to grasp. He disregarded the fact that the world was arranged to get the best out of strong animals.*

He erred again when, finding it impossible to live in wedlock with the woman he loved, he pushed his theories of revolt beyond sane limits, scorning the opinions of men he despised.③

Alves was mistaken in her assumption that love was enough to compensate for any other lack in life. She failed to realize when she tried to make her love the only factor in Howard's life that human souls, like plants, are destined to grow in their own way, singly, by themselves, in response to some irresistible inner force.①

When she discovered this, she refused to become a parasite feeding upon her loved one's soul, and by her suicide opened the way for him to return to the world and his place with his equals.②

* P 336
① P 304
② P 304
③ P 303

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

Alexandra Arnold was mistaken in thinking that one's life is all, in not seeing the vastness of which it is a part and realizing that we all spin a web in which we are tied into the scheme of things as they are--a scheme that has been growing for a thousand years out of the nature of men.

She thought there was a pleasant way of compromise, that one might own his soul and eat his cake, too. She could not believe that the strong did not possess life, that the great plunderers with all the lawless freedom of the earth could not get life; that though men fought like beasts of its material symbols, it escaped in the strife and could be found not in joy, not in the heart's desire, but in the spirit within. ①

Hugh Grant made his first mistake in thinking that in Alexander Arnold's mansion he had come close to the warm centre of human destiny and seeking, because of his love for the daughter of this man of wealth, to acquire possessions.

When he discovered that worldly success must be built upon the defeated hopes and desires of the many obscure in life, he made his second mistake in concluding that life was pure waste. He fled to the isolation of mountain solitude only to find that not in loneliness must life be lived out, but in touch with the many. ②

① P 291
② P 334+406

Eventually he perceived that earth-born men, overcharged with desires, were battling for fulfillment of the spirit even about the great "trough" of the market place, and that compared to what's underneath, what keeps us alive, a belonging-together of us all that will outlast anything, the fact that men hurt one another is as nothing.

He and Alexandra finally reached the conclusion that life was but a means of fitting them to die fitly, after the dross of desire and self was finally burned away from the spirit within.①

① P 396

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE

The mistakes of Milly Bragdon were many:

1. Her refusal to live a simple, rational life, without pretence so that her husband might devote himself to creative work. ⑤

2. Her belief that she could give when and what she liked to whom she pleased and take whatever she wanted. ①

3. Her following of the sentimental creed of the omnipotence of love and her assumption that the habit of physical passion can make two souls one. ②

4. Her insistence that since her husband could no longer give her ardent, romantic love, he must make up for his failure by providing her with material comforts which were her right. ✓

5. Her conception of her part in life as that of the poetic woman of romance--sublime, divine, mysterious, with a heavenly mission to reform, ennoble, uplift--in a word to be a good influence in life, especially men's lives. ✓✓

6. Her belief that a girl who gave herself to a man, lived with him for eight of her best years, bore him a child, and was faithful to him in body must be a good wife. ③

7. Her assumption that she could be embodied in her husband's creative work by being a physical inspiration and sharing its profits. ④

8. Her resentment of his creative impulse as a force

① 325
② 270
③ 290
④ 179
⑤ 255
✓ 268
✓✓ P. 32

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(1) 325
(2) 270
(3) 300
(4) 177
(5) 355
(6) 415
(7) 423

inimical to her and antagonistic to all orderly living, when she realized she could have no share in his creative life.①

Her husband's mistake lay first in not cutting the knot that bound him to spiritual death with Milly and secondly in renouncing the Baroness' love,which was strong and creative.②

They both erred in compromising between their respective egotisms and losing the active, creative years of their lives.

①P229
②P283-84

TOGETHER

Isabelle Lane's mistake lay in living inattentively in the marriage relationship; in believing that if her husband couldn't concentrate on love-making, she had been cheated in marriage--that there was nothing else to be gained from marriage; in feeling that the only way a woman counted in marriage was as a sweetheart; in concluding that she must leave her husband because she could do nothing for him and he did not need her;[1] in failing to make marriage the partnership of two who had lived together, body and soul, and together had solved life and thinking that mere physical fidelity was the basis of marriage;[2] in thinking that love in marriage is all a matter of luck and not realizing that it is the fruit of years of living--that being born with the soul, it is the last thing that comes into the heart--; in wishing to become a stylist in living and failing to learn the deeper lessons of life; and in lacking faith in her husband, in the future, and in life.[3]

Her husband's mistake lay in his treatment of Isabelle as a superior creature to be shielded from the rough contacts of life and spared its rigours instead of as a partner in cooperative living.[4] They eventually undertook such a partnership, but they realized that precious, creative years of their lives had been wasted.[5]

① P 419 ④ P 68
② P 588 ⑤ P 571
③ P 496

TOGETHER

Bessie Falkner made the same mistake that Milly Bragdon did in her exalted conception of woman as a superior creature whose chief function in life was to be an elevating influence.

She further erred in believing that whatever tied a woman into her home made her a piece of domestic furniture;(1) in considering her husband primarily a forager and provider;(2) in robbing him of a chance for expression of his idealism; and in thinking that physical attractiveness could satisfy spiritual needs.(3)

She was the victim of ideas utterly beyond her comprehension.

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Margaret Pole was mistaken in attributing to a man who was petty and small all the attributes of nobility of character; and in withdrawing a helping hand from him because he could not measure up to her standards.(4)

She redeemed herself when she refused to take her love with Bob Falkner because she realized she would be allowing him to withdraw in the same way from Bessie, his wife, if she did so.

She convinced him that it is better to suffer in this world than to make others suffer, and all sentiment and lofty feeling would depart from love taken without pity for others.(5)

(1) P 92
(2) P 204
(3) P 204
(4) 448
(5) 338

CHIMES

Jessica Mallory made the mistake of believing that life could go on in the head and failing to realize that scholarship to be enduring must be creative, must be based on all human faculties, emotional as well as mental; that learning to become productive must have within it a vital stir, compact of perception and imagination. She failed to perceive that knowledge must be worked into the stuff of life, if it is to be creative.①

Jessica did not understand that in refusing to share the beliefs, ideas, and aspirations of her husband she was denying the only creative basis for marriage.

Clavercin was aware that Jessica could not "dope" herself with her intelligence as other human beings did with emotions or drugs to dull any uncomfortable sensitiveness to environment or circumstance, yet his own ideal of love was a kind of mystic absorption in another which was just as impossible of attainment.②

① 232+59
② P228

END OF DESIRE

Serena Massey debased her own and her lover's life because she could not envisage human relations as having continuity, pattern, or growth.① She regarded them all as moments of experience, more or less vivid and satisfying, but entailing no succession necessarily, no development, no fulfillment. She thought by disregarding inhibitions and responsibilities she became an individualist.✓

Her mistake was to live selfishly, taking here and there what seemed good for the moment without giving anything in return.

Redfield's mistake was in thinking that he could gain supreme happiness in union, complete union of body and soul with such a woman, in hoping that they might grow together spiritually, in casting about her a veil of romantic illusion when she soiled the reverences of his nature.②

Such a relationship as theirs could end only in failure.

① P. 48
② P. 220
✓ P. 214

Conclusion

Conclusion

Conclusion:

Herrick believes that in spite of all the education and the freedom so much talked about for women, the central theme of their existence is the emotional and material satisfaction of their natures through marriage or the marriage relationship, ① and this theme becomes the theme of the discussion in this thesis.

Being a vitalist, he considers the marriage type of the pioneer, a primitive, body-wracking struggle of two against all, the perfect type--elemental but whole. This is the large pattern of marriage today, wherever sound. Two bodies, two souls are united for the life struggle to wring order out of chaos, physical and spiritual.

The woman's part in the struggle is not merely the patient economic part, but the cherishing and the shaping of man's impulse--the stuff of his soul that sends him into the battlefield. Alone she cannot live effectively. Man is her weapon. Through him she makes to prevail those ideals she gives him with her embraces. This is the perfect type of marriage--comradeship, togethership, in which the two share sacrifice and sorrow and truth--the things of the spirit.

True union of Man and Woman is based on effort in common; not on sentiment, not on emotion, not on passion, not on individual gratification of sense or soul. The two must be partners in living, and the fruit of their bodies is but another proof of partnership.

① P 168 "Together"

Unless Woman lives up to this conception, unless she realizes that marriage is more than a state of personal gratification, the best bargain she can make with Man in exchange for her charm, her wit and her body, she will become again what she was at first--the female creature, the possession, the thing for lust and amusement--the cherished slave, for it is a simple, immutable law that the death of woman's soul follows when she pays with her body.①

① P 513-17 "Together"

Digest

In all his writings since 1908, Robert Herrick has been concerned with an extremely important aspect of American ideology--the place of woman in American life.

He is concerned with freedom for women--not the freedom FROM things, but the freedom FOR something that is worthwhile.

He believes that in America there is possible a rich and full living for women. The question is: What will they do with it? As a vitalist he believes that women must not be content with just something to do in the last thirty years of their lives. Women should have before them a free opportunity to choose either or both of the careers--motherhood and professional life, preferably both. And it is their responsibility to see that they are prepared in every way for these careers. In this way they will make some positive and significant contribution to society and will have the experience of achievement and the value derived from contributing to and participating in the full range of life.

He is very positive in his belief that woman won't be entirely free until she can have a career untrammeled by sex. But he realizes that we haven't reached the point where we accord her equality in the professions as yet.

The American woman, he implies, has a most significant

place in our national life. Her position is the outgrowth of a pioneering history where she was always in partnership in the whole adventure of life on equal terms with man. It is her privilege and responsibility to fulfill this role of partner in her relationship with man. She must recognize her importance in determining social values and elevate them.

If woman chooses to place the emphasis on a social career, she must make certain that it does not interfere with her husband's expression of his ideal. She must guard against making her husband's professional life thin and inadequate. When women are free to dominate such a career and contribute nothing to it, there is an obvious danger to the whole idea of freedom for women.

In order for them to participate in their husband's lives, women must enrich the thin patterns of their individual lives and deepen the stream of their vitality, remembering that to work only in order to keep active is not a way of life.

Woman must not carry her intellectual career so far that she becomes less successful as a mother and a woman. She must have the capacity to assert an inner harmony within the flux of circumstances, to make a fine adjustment between the emotional life and the intellectual life, for if she goes too far in her intellectual pursuits she ceases to maintain that delicate balance between the emotional and intellectual life which it is woman's particular problem to overcome.

If men and women are going to be intellectual comrades, they should be vital lovers, too, he believes.

He has contempt for abstract loyalty to marriage as an institution, for institutions are not more important to him than vital living. He indicates that anyone has a right to move in the direction of the unconventional, if it is his honest intention to keep vitally alive by so doing. But women, he points out, too often confuse having a passion about living with living for passion.

As a vital realist he is concerned with what we might call the insistence that life must be vital harmonization of the individual, man or woman, with relation to social complexity. He must be willing to sacrifice at any time any pretense of static, stoic restraint for vital, positive idealism of any sort.

Woman,he insists, must become a richer human being, with the individual vitality to conquer life under all circumstances. If she uses her freedom only to attend countless teas and endless committee meetings she accomplishes nothing except meddling and asserting ideas. If she does nothing more constructive, if she does not employ her freedom more intelligently than that, she should surrender it, for it can lead to nothing but inadequate living and civilization will disappear.

Herrick deals with the negative aspects of woman's relations with man and society in the hope that people will realize they must be changed. Though the first part of most of his

books deals critically with American culture, a constructive idealism always emerges at the end. He is so eager to have it improved that he wants to be honest about its limitations. He deals with negative aspects only to show what positive elements should be.

His idealism has made a very great contribution to a thoroughly American interpretation of American life, and though he does not solve woman's problem, he has pointed out the ways in which she limits herself and indicated a positive approach to significant living for her.

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